The Bystander, May 15, 1918.—No. 754. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

THE HOUSE-BREAKER

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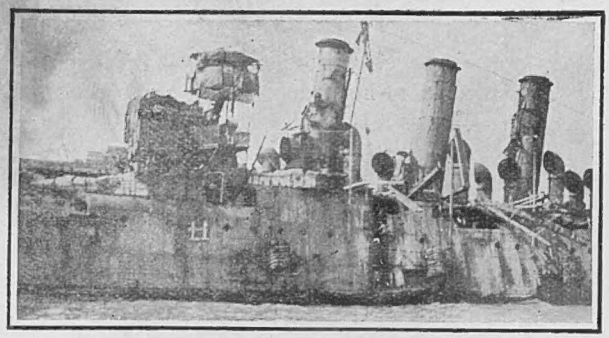

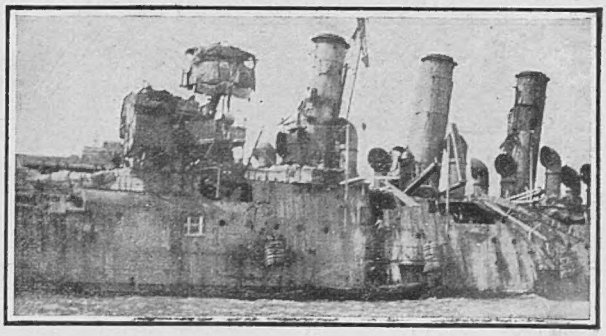

CHECK Zeebrugge, April 23, 1918 "VINDICTIVE" Ostend, May 9, 1918 —MATE!

Bystander Comments

L'Affaire Maurice

GENERAL MAURICE made three fatal mistakes in writing his famous letter. First, he flagrantly broke the King's regulations. Secondly, he failed to recognise that it would, in all probability, be the House of Commons that would deal with his accusations. Thirdly, his perfectly honest decision to put his duty as a citizen before his duty as a soldier left him oblivious of the fact that it is both impolitie and wrong to charge the Prime Minister—the man in charge of the country's destiny—with being a liar.

A Two-Edged Knife

HOWEVER good a case General Maurice may have thought he had, it was foredoomed to failure, for he had also failed to recognise that his letter would be greedily seized on as a political weapon by the Opposition crowd. Here was a knife ready sharpened indeed! But, unfortunately, the knife was sharp on both edges, and Mr. Asquith cut his own fingers so badly with it that he must have had unkindly thoughts towards those who had so eagerly pressed it into his hands. Once again the House has shown that it has no intention whatever of turning Mr. Lloyd George out simply to let Mr. Asquith in again. Indeed, so feeble was Mr. Asquith's denunciation, that more than one of his fiery lieutenants must have muttered to himself: "Give *me* the dagger!"

A Point of 'Vantage

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, as usual, had little difficulty in countering the nerveless blow. He had adroitly forced his unworthy adversary into an untenable position, and leapt upon him unrelentingly.

"I'll be judge, I'll be jury,"
Said cunning old Fury,

is a quotation which rather aptly expresses the Premier's comfortable position, and he took full advantage of it. And when he sat down, no gallant Lucumo was found daring enough to reply to him. His defence was too strong; and again the House and the country were left wondering at the spell of the wizard's wand, which, waved with vigour, makes his hearers believe what he wishes them to believe—and even, as Gladstone used to do, believe it himself.

BREAKING THE MONOTONY

ROBERTSON to JELLICOE: "Hullo! here's another one! Hurrah! Looks as though we'll soon be able to get a foursome!"

"The Operation was Completed"

THE Admiralty had a better use, after all, for "Vindictive" than to bring her up the Thames for a show. Having spent the interval since the successful Zeebrugge affair in filling her up with cement, the Navy took her over to Ostend on Thursday night and sank her right across the mouth of the channel. The Navy is never content with half-doing a job, and the quietly-satisfied tone of the Admiralty announcement will find an echo in the hearts of all the men who returned from the original expedition. And there is another job that the Navy will not leave half-done either.

(Continued on page 272)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Not Even Five!

MR. LAW'S guileless assurance that the House of Commons cannot produce even five men free from prejudice was the most humorous incident in the Maurice letter debate. Mr. Law is flagrantly and embarrassingly honest. Probably nothing that has ever been said in Parliament was quite as true or just as fearless. Mr. Asquith was furious, and one can perceive *all* the Whips in corners muttering vengeance. But anyone who does know the House, knows that Mr. Law was right. Remember, it was he himself who was to have been tried, and he looked round the House and said: "No thank you!"

Fatal Fun

THEY are telling the tale that the real reason for the removal of yet another distinguished soldier from his post is because he cannot curb his natural, native, and irresponsible sense of humour. It seems that he was rash enough to remark in public, apropos of recent happenings: "Well, we've got pushed from St. Quentin; but, thank heaven, we still hold County Clare!"

The Appeal Unto Cæsar

I FEEL sure that Lord Rhondda is not nearly so plump as our artist has represented him in the cartoon on this page. His illness has been serious, and due not only to his arduous work as Food Controller, but to the fact that he is credited with having tried all his food restrictions on himself before subjecting the public to them. Now he is confronted with the dog question, in regard to which it is pretty clear that there are dogs and dogs. The useful dog should have food provided for him; but the present seems a remarkably good opportunity for suppressing the purely ornamental "pet" dogs, which are of no use to anybody or for any purpose, except flattering the vanity of the women who vie with one another in the extravagant prices they pay for them.

APPEALING UNTO CÆSAR

The Far-flung Battle

THIS intensive warfare is having uncanny effects in quite unexpected quarters. I have recently been told several stories illustrative of the pranks of the war-fiend. But none of them, of course, has ever befallen the actual narrator—it is always a friend who is the victim. I wrote none, but there is one case which I should like to quote, because it is as strange as it is to me amusing. A dear, kindly old gentleman (much be-titled and all that sort of thing) confided to me that the effect of the big battle on him was to make him fall in love again with a lady whom he adored thirty-five years ago, and has never seen since. He does know that she has now seven children (he himself has nearly as many) but he simply cannot picture her as anything but a slim, fairy-like little thing with the biggest of grey eyes. Really, what will nerves do next? I only hope he never sees the lady; and perhaps she—him.

Silver Bullets

WHETHER the Irish—ever credulous and superstitious—have been misled by the popular phrase, "Silver Bullets," into believing that silver in that form will come in handy to shoot the hated Sassenach with, in the event of some future Sinn Fein rising, or whether doubt of the ultimate convertibility of the Treasury note has been fostered among them by German agents, is not very clear. What is clear is that there is a silver famine in Ireland. Silver is disappearing into stockings and holes in the wall, to the natural detriment of all buying and selling.

The Only One on the Books?

MRS. BULL *(completing the recital of her requirements)*: "Now, you know, I *must* have someone really reliable who can take complete charge of everything." *(Catching sight of the one and only available candidate)* "Good heavens, woman! *That* a 'perfect treasure'? Why, *that's my old one*, that I had to pack off at a moment's notice!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Silver has been poured into the country, but the instant it passes out of the banks it is swallowed up and does not appear again.

Where the Refugee-Financier Comes In

THIS condition of mind on the part of the Irish offers an admirable opportunity to those more astute persons who have found Ireland a pleasanter dwelling-place than England and one less full of risk to personal liberty. Besides, many of these young men have the financial instinct almost as strongly developed as the self-preservational, and the former has led them to find a gold—or, at any rate, a paper—mine in Ireland. Taking advantage of the Irishman's dislike to paper money—perhaps, indeed, having carefully instilled this dislike into him—they are buying up his paper money at the rate of 17*s.* 6*d.* worth of silver for each £1 Treasury note! I have never before hoped that Treasury notes will eventually prove not to be worth the paper they are printed on, but this ingenious robbery almost makes me wish they might.

Smiles—A Whole Page of 'em

THE KING AT PIRBRIGHT CAMP WITH A GROUP OF GUARDS OFFICERS

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A BUNCH OF THE BLACK WATCH READY TO GO INTO THE FIGHT

AN INSPECTION OF W.A.A.C.'S AT RIPON

—You really would think that none of them had ever heard of such things as politicians, wouldn't you?

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

"The Spartan Women!"

LONDON, *May* 13, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

THE great war goes on and on, precariously as ever swings the pendulum, the tumult is still thick upon us, and every day in a thousand homes and hearts the light of the world goes out.

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BUT we remain a people simply too marvellously detached for belief; and here in London, where

. . . . . now the May
Drops down upon the yellow shining way
Great pearls, all 'broidered on a cloth of gold,

it is still almost difficult as ever to mark the ravages of our nearly four years of war.

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AT the Academy Private View, for instance. True, people walked or taxied to the show, most of them; but that was because the Government's for once been firm—if there'd *been* petrol we'd have used it all right. And there was a vast shortage, too, of the silk-hat-and-morning-coat, that now look so strangely pre-war even at weddings. And, of course, the several "smart" nurses, one a peeress of the realm, gave a war touch—one hoped there wouldn't be a soap shortage. All those veils and lovely white aprons and things must take a lot of laundering.

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FOR the rest, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*; and as we've got an Academy at all, why have it different from a peace-time one? The frocks we private-viewed in were a little simple perhaps, simplicity being a war-time pose. But they didn't cost a penny less—most of 'em several pounds more—than the peace-time ones; and if anyone was wearing a pre-war one I'm afraid I missed the heroic creature.

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AND as for all those etceteras—the hats, the gloves, the silk stockings, the wonderful bags, the jewels and perfumes, that all cost double and treble their pre-war price—well, of course, the luxury tax hasn't come to life yet; and, here in England, war has given the luxury trades a fillip instead of a set-back. Anyway, there they all were, worn or painted, on the floors and on the walls. They may have taken for the war all our "pretty men," cousin mine; but they've left us, I assure you, heaps and heaps of our lovely ladies.

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WHOSE war-work has not yet, you know, lined their marble brows or even blunted their manicured nails. "The Spartan women!" one battered warrior murmured, as, before the Lavery portrait of the strangely pale Mr. Asquith, we marked a chattering-as-usual group of the really Very Smartest.

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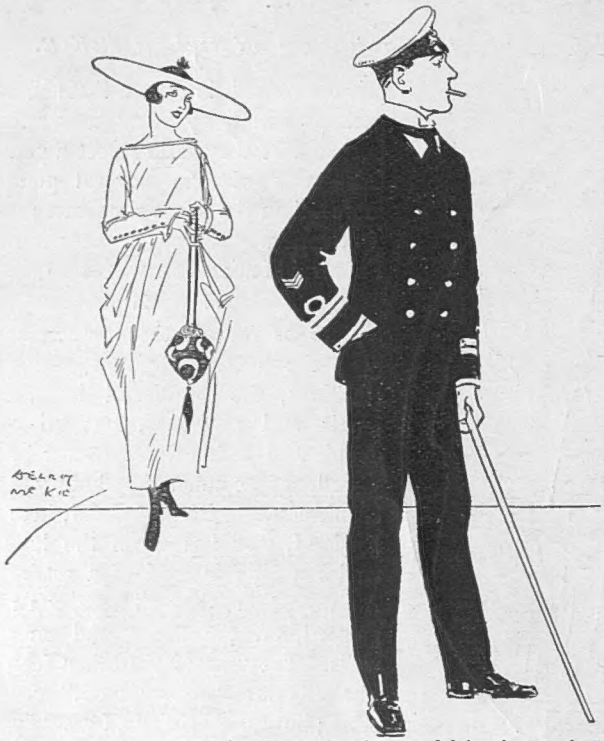
AND of the innumerable painted ladies in satin and pearls, and tulle, and lace—"One wonders a little," says a critic, "that fair, disdainful dames, wearing toilettes of studied exquisiteness, should still show an unabated desire to present themselves to the spectators with airs of insouciance and detachment. But it is lucky for the painters that 'the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she' should thus, notwithstanding war's alarms, persist. It has, no doubt, ever been thus, and ever will be—and all protests will be vain. For obstacles are as nothing against

(*Continued on page 276*)

Toilettes of studied exquisiteness

the will to be painted of the many sirens who sparkle or languish, by no means unseen, on the walls of Burlington House."



"Everything one met in blue and gold was fairly plastered with 'em"

A MUDDY subject in muddy paint, but all the same, so alive and real that it gives a cruelly chromo-lithograph look to all the "pretty pictures" round is the one real war study—Walter Bayes' "Under World," the Tube in an air-raid. Being a mixture of John Nevinson and the Cubist school, it's a fearful shock to find it there at all, of course—and shows that the Academy Committee, anyway, must have suffered a war change. But it's also a relief, for surely war and art *need* not be so utterly divorced.

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As for the "Khaki" pictures, what someone's called the Button School I hear's simply furious 'cos of the artistic licence taken by some of "these painter-fellows" with important matters like buttons and straps and stripes and badges and things. For instance, a lieutenant-commander man, wearing a brass hat—and I did hear of a V.C. ribbon that was meant to be the M.C. Shocking, isn't it? No wonder it's such a long war!

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TALKING of the Navy, what hustlers, eh? I'd hardly read in my paper that the dear things were at last to have their chevrons like the Army, when, hey presto! and everything one met in blue and gold was fairly *plastered* with 'em.

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THERE'S still, by the way, no leave from France yet, but at least seven or eight new *revues* or "musical plays" are welcoming in the May—I suppose in case the Germans "won't play" any more and leave's once again in force. For it is, of course, as everyone knows, *only* for the "poor dear men on leave" that the theatres carry on so bravely, and, incidentally, have made since the war such fortunes. Indeed, seeing that theatres are, *vide* the managers and people, "of national importance, and essential," they are putting up a strong appeal, you know, against actresses and people paying the luxury tax. Seems the soldiers and sailors just simply couldn't carry on if some ignorant Chancellor fellow, just for mere money for the war, makes 'em wear horrid cheap dresses and things.

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REMINDS me, of all the delicate tasks, they say the *very* ticklish-est is choosing what ladies shall sit on the luxury committees that are deciding what are luxuries and what aren't. You see, what's one woman's meat is so very much another woman's poison, isn't it? Take, for instance, our very *first* necessity—baths and bath salts and soaps, and sponges, and lotions, and powders, and all the complicated paraphernalia of the modern woman's toilet. But the "masses" still support life *quite* comfortably, thank you, without any of these accessories.

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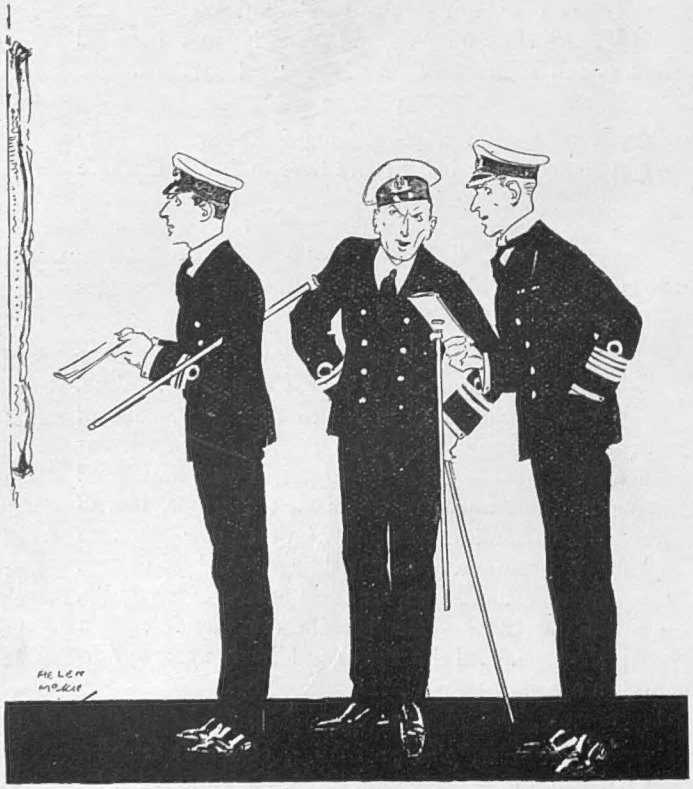
ISN'T the whirligig of war positively dazzling, by the way? Don't you remember when Lord French was the only man to command our armies in France? Now his appointment to rule Ireland is "a happy inspiration"—"none is better fitted," etc., etc. And so say all of us—to the last, anyway. What a cavalry officer—and a Guards' C.O. to boot—doesn't know about discipline isn't worth knowing. And that's the stuff to give 'em on the Irish front, isn't it? And to counterbalance it and leaven the lump he's got temperament. That also ought to be useful in a land of such femininity.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE



"The Button School's simply furious"

Decorated for War-Work Well Done

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS CHRISTOBEL ELLIS

Younger daughter of the Rev. the Hon. William Ellis, and a cousin of Lord Howard de Walden. She has been one of the real "war-workers," having served in France with the British Red Cross in 1914 and in Serbia 1914-15. For these services she wears the Red Chevron and the Orders of the British Empire and St. Sava of Serbia. She is now Commandant of the Women's Legion of Motor-Drivers in the A.S.C.

HAY AND HOE

BY THE OLD GUARD

AWHILE ago there journeyed on a toilsome pilgrimage to London town a merry band of women workers from the farms and fields. Stalwart women, fair to see, with the glow of health upon their cheeks, they came to call their idler sisters, dwellers in the city, to come over and help them with the hay and the hoe. To ourself it seems that they would have called to better purpose if they had brought with them a ruthless press-gang that would have acted while they spoke. For, good masters, here is a business that will brook no further yea-and-nay. In brief, it comes to this, that at this critical hour, if we will not work neither shall we eat. There is urgent work awaiting us between the seed-time and the harvest, and there are not wanting those who say that sturdy wenches are abroad who can help but will not. Sirs, if it be proper to conscribe an able-bodied man for the battle-line, shall it not be equally proper to conscribe an able-bodied woman for the tilling of the ground? Wherefore should it be our holy task to-day to bring the reluctant ones to their duty by the scruff of the neck and an Act of Parliament.

BUT we should proceed herein with fitting circumspection. We must, above all, brothers, be subtle. We ourself have grown old in the faith that a woman is a sensitive flower, to be handled with the extremest delicacy; and that herein, as in all else of feminine moment, the velvet glove and not the hand of iron should guide her on her way. Let, therefore, the word go forth among the faltering and faint of heart that the woman of yesterday is dead—nay, worse even, is out of the fashion. We have heard it said that in the ears of our dantier womenfolk the gods can speak no more terrible decree. Let it be given out by proper authority, if such there be, that fine feathers and furbelows have no longer the power to stir the heart of wayward man, but that the soul within him is born anew at the fascinating sight of a fair vision in a garment which, hitherto conventionally unmentionable, has become by her wearing of it verily apotheosised.

LET it become a cardinal truth with these softly-purring nymphs of the drawing-room and the boudoir that the virile poet of to-day no longer indites sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow, but builds his lilting stanzas on the lordly breadth of her back, and the weight of the mud, in pounds avoirdupois, that she raises every time she lifts her sturdy foot in the wake of the plough. In these great days men have become men indeed, and they ask that their women shall be women too, proud and happy to know that theirs is the privilege of toiling and moiling to hold the last line of defence. Here, masters, is the tone in which we will call for the help we need. Does not all history witness that women cannot be driven, but can mostly be wheedled where they do not want to go?

AS a faithful scribe of the time, passing honest, and, when occasion serves, even truthful, we shall confess that in our less mature years the clinging girl in delicate creations offered to our roving eye an irresistible call to dalliance. In sooth, but for the ubiquitous incidence of this war, we would not have it thought otherwise of us to-day, for, what the good year! is not the spring with us once again with its alluring whisper that even the well-worn heart may hear? And we ourselves make no foolish pretence of being other than mortal marl.

WE thank the gods that we are still youthful enough to move with the sterner spirit of the times; and at our country's call we are ready to turn our backs scornfully upon the dainty trifler of the city, and to stroll adown a rural lane, fondly holding the gnarled and nubbly hand of a knickerbockered Venus, and telling the tale in the usual instalments. Let it, therefore, be an instruction to the waverers that while the countryside has its long hours of strenuous toil, there shall be found soft places even in the rugged path of duty.

THE PATRIOT

"Claude," I ses to meself. "Claude," ses I. "Resist! Practise self-denial in war-time!"

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

Hardly a "Home from Home"

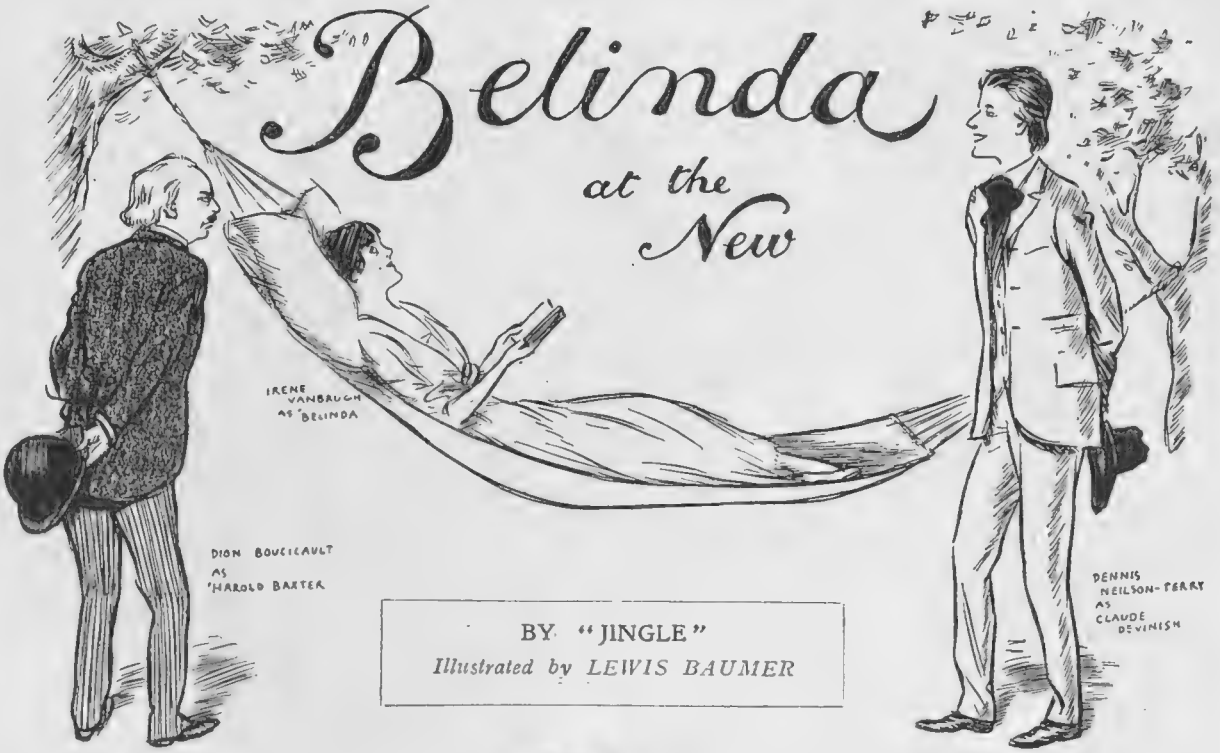
PASSED BY CENSOR

One of those days when you wonder what's going on in Boston, Mass.

Charmers at Chiswick

When the May sun warms the water, the bathing season begins with a rush. There is mixed bathing at Chiswick, although the mixture is not apparent in the picture. Perhaps the intrusion of the mere man into such a bevy of beauty would have spoilt the plate; in any case, the girls seem to be getting on quite well, thank you, without him!

Belinda at the New



BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

BELINDA is described as "An April Folly," and it is quite an agreeable education in the art of writing light dialogue about nothing in particular. Queen Elizabeth once asked Walter Raleigh, or one of those chaps, what a man thinks about when he thinks of nothing, and the reply was: "A woman's promise." Mr. A. A. Milne writes at some length about a woman's promise, and the result is very little more than such stuff as dreams are made of. At the same time, it is all very delightful and witty, and as Belinda has the advantage of being impersonated by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, the entertainment acquires a charm that it might not otherwise possess. It is nice of me to say that, I know; but I think it is as near the truth as one is allowed to get in these censorious times.

BELINDA Tremayne is a grass-widow. Her husband left the house some nineteen years previously, and has not been home since. I have heard of erratic husbands who have a way of staying out late; but this chap seems to have overdone the good work a bit. Belinda thinks he must be dead; but she is not sure enough about it to be able to make up her mind to marry again. On the other hand, she is young—or at least keeps the secret of her age very well—and she cannot prevent the men from running after her. Furthermore, she would not do so if she could. At the moment she has two ardent admirers, with power to add to their number.

One is Mr. Baxter, a middle-aged gentleman with a love for statistics, which I believe are considered by the profane to represent the ultra-superlative of mendacity. The other admirer is Mr. Devenish, who is a poet of the hare-brained kind, the sort of chap who would offer a girl with a healthy appetite for dinner the prospect of nourishing herself on the scent of the violet and the hum of the bee.

AND just as Belinda is coquetting with her two devoted lovers in the lightest and most inconsequential manner in the world, her daughter Delia arrives from her finishing school unannounced, to stay at home henceforward, and put her hair up, and look out upon the world. Delia is, of course, very welcome; but her arrival is a little awkward, to say the least. She is nineteen, and she looks it; and if Mr. Baxter, the statistician, meets her, he is quite capable of doing a few horrid sums on his cuff in a hurry, and arriving at the disastrous conclusion that if Belinda has a daughter of nineteen, she herself must surely be more than twenty-eight. Statistics may lie; but plain figures left to themselves have a way of blurting out the truth that is at times positively coarse. Therefore Belinda proposes that Delia shall be presented as her niece, and shall call herself Miss Robinson.

THEN something of a plot comes into the meandering story. Not to be taken seriously, of course, but to be regarded as a thing of gossamer which the author may pelt at random with his airy shafts of wit. Devenish, the poet,

(Continued on page 282)

PORTRAIT OF DION BOUCICAULT'S HAT

implores Belinda to set him and his rival Baxter a well-nigh impossible task, and to pledge her hand to the man who gets there first. So Belinda sets a little problem beside which the labours of Hercules or the Riddle of the Sphinx must be accounted mere child's play. Let her two suitors go out into the world and find Miss Robinson's father. They will know him by the fact that he has a mole on his arm. It will be just as simple as that. Mr. Baxter, the statistician, at once rushes out to deal with all the local Robinsons on the spot, but does not have much luck. Somehow when you stop a burly navvy and ask him whether he has a mole on his arm, and he rolls up his sleeve and says he will show you pretty quickly, you cannot help having the idea that he may be going to show you too much. Mr. Devenish has an entirely different experience. Just as he is about to set off on his quest he meets Delia, and realises that it is she that he is in love with, and not her mother, so that this ridiculous pursuit of Robinson's mole has no interest for him at all.

ABOUT this time a stranger strolls into the garden—a beautiful place, clearly built for dreams and fantasies. A thousand apologies, but he has lost his way. Perhaps Belinda would be so kind as to point out to him the way he ought to go. In this respect, of course, Belinda is kindness itself. She has no doubt about his direction, and promptly ropes him in as an extra admirer. She hopes he will stop and look at the garden—and if he cannot see enough of it at one glance perhaps he would like to call again. It is such a pretty garden, you know. And as Belinda has not the advantage of knowing his name he explains that he is Mr.—Robinson. It was inevitable. And on the following day Mr. Robinson turns up again and meets Baxter and Devenish, to whom he casually mentions that somewhere out in the wilds he was having a few rounds with a raging lion, when the lion foolishly lost its temper and bit him. Yes, in the arm. And, rolling back his sleeve to show his honourable scar, Mr. Robinson naturally displays the historical mole.

THEN the story unfolds itself with the lightness of a rosebud and the gentle precision of a proposition in Euclid. Mr. Robinson has a mole on his arm. Miss Robinson's father has a mole on his arm. Therefore Mr. Robinson is Miss Robinson's father. Again, Miss Robinson is one and the same person as Delia, and as things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, it follows that Mr. Robinson is Delia's father. But it has already been shown that Belinda Tremayne is Delia's mother.

ISOBEL ELSOM AS 'DELIA'

BEN WEBSTER AS 'TREMAYNE'

JOHN TREMAYNE'S PLEASANT DISCOVERY THAT HE OWNS A DAUGHTER

ERIC LEWIS IN 'MONICA'S BLUE BOY'

Therefore, knowing what we do of Belinda's irreproachable character, it is clear that Mr. Robinson is Belinda Tremayne's runaway husband. Ergo, his name is not Robinson at all, but Tremayne. Q.E.D. Mr. Dion Boucicault and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry interpret the author's delicate humour very effectively as the rival lovers, and Mr. Ben Webster plays the returned husband with the gentle playfulness the part requires.

"MONICA'S BLUE BOY"

THIS is a play without words by Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir Frederic Cowen. It is as light and delicate as the longer play that it precedes, but, being a very modern story, it naturally makes the delicate art of pantomime rather a Dutch Doll affair. The Blue Boy is a wounded soldier of to-day whom Monica invites into the house during the absence of her father and sisters; and when the time for paternal reproach arrives she is able to point triumphantly to the fact that she and her Boy Blue are engaged to be married, and that although he is in the uniform of a private soldier, he is really a baronet. It is all quietly amusing, and is much appreciated by the audience. JINGLE.

Ready for the Dip

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS MARJORIE GORDON

Whose youth, beauty, and ability have secured for her a prominent part in the forthcoming musical play at the Gaiety

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE TOURIST

By "JACK JOHNSON"

MY DEAR BYSTANDER—

FOR some three years I have classified as beautiful all architecture still remaining more or less in the condition in which the architect or jerry-builder left it in August, 1914. I drew no sharp distinction between a structure of one year's standing or that of a century. It was enough that a building had escaped the ravages of war, and preserved a wholly complete exterior to justify its claim to be a thing of sheer beauty, an object upon which to feast the eyes and write home about by the first mail. But all this is different now. Since my arrival in a town tracing its history back to the rude old days when Oger the Awful subdued it with a stone hatchet, I have become hopelessly spoilt by the veritable welter of historical splendour among which I live and have my being.

LEAVING my modest billet to proceed briskly to the office, the very first building we encounter is an embodiment of Gothic art in its several periods ranging from the plain 13th to the flamboyant 16th century, with its pinnacles, openwork arches, balustrades, niches and statuettes, as though the mind that planned the design and the hands that carried it out had sought to imprison the building in an airy network of stone.

MUSING on the beauty of the scene before us, and with one eye on our gold repeater, we turn the corner and stumble upon a municipal building which is a perfect masterpiece of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, founded by Louis XII. at the transitional period when Gothic art was beginning to blend harmoniously with the budding style of the Renaissance. Here, in an immense rectangular hall of carved oak and stone bas-reliefs, beneath a Louis XVI. ceiling of white and gold, a dark-eyed lady typist beats out her soulless music, her senses acute for the first intimation by the giant 14th century clock of Jean de Felains that the time has come to put on her hat and meet her poilu outside the cinema.

AS we hurry along we catch glimpses at street corners of stately churches, rich in the Gothic beauty of the period, upon their steps the same old crooning beldames who flourished in the pre-war age, and soon find ourselves before a large Insurance Office, where, for the mere trouble of inquiring the premium for insuring our only pair of slacks against air raids, we are permitted, on leaving, to inspect a series of remarkable carved bas-reliefs, amongst which may be seen the emblematic salamander of Francois I. and the meeting of this monarch with Henry VIII. of England on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the whole grouped beneath large dormer windows with pointed pinnacles.

AND so to the office, a stately, picturesque old building dating from 1909, with a butcher as tenant on the ground floor—a distressing man who kills pigs with sickening regularity every morning between 10 and 12.

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON.

PASSED BY CENSOR

HUNG "ON THE LINE"

"You ought to be dry by now, mate!"

Things I Should Like To See

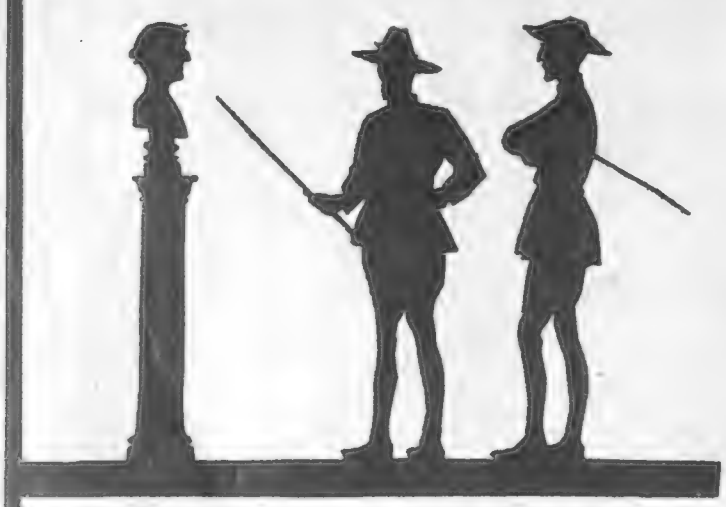
PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 4.—The people who are always asking "What's the Navy doing?" sent to find out

Subaltern St

GUIDES, POSTCARDS, AND SOUVENIRS

THE PAPAL GUARD



"REGIONS" CÆSAR NEVER KNEW

"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE STARE SO!"

PASSED BY CENSOR

DO NOT TALK TO THE DRIVER, AS THERE BEING NO TRAFFIC CONTROL,

THE STREETS ARE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE ITALIAN TRENCHES

As leave to "Blighty" is not very plentiful, officers in Italy are eager to avail themselves of Italian to be found in Rome, and the opportunity of seeing some of the wonders of the worl

nts in Rome

VIEWING ANCIENT—AND MODERN—ROME

TYPES OF ITALIAN OFFICERS

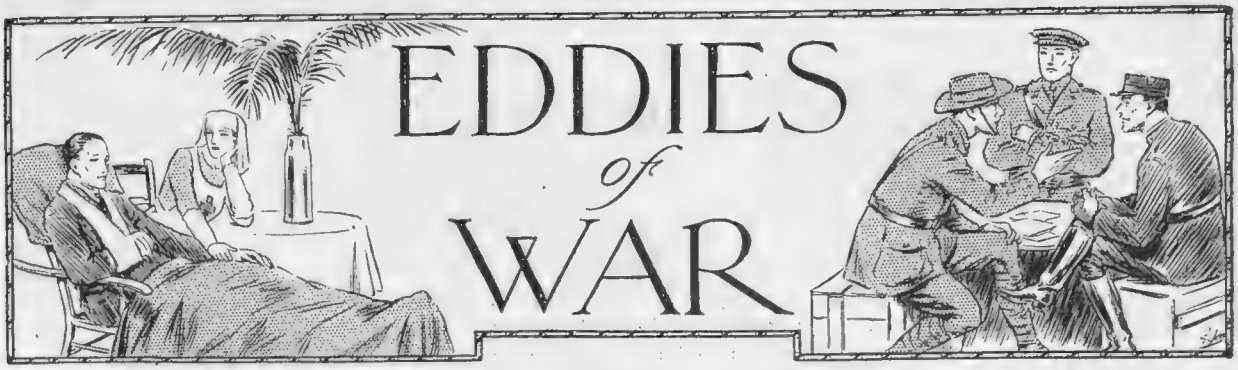
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA ON THE TERRACE AT "OLD ENGLAND"

ave, and these silhouettes were cut during a spell in Rome and Florence. There is little of the war hould not be missed. Moreover, it is a good way of establishing the Entente Cordiale

Peace Delegates Please Note

Australian Official

This photograph of Ypres as it looks to-day, taken from a height of 1,000 feet in a plane, gives by far the most convincing picture that has yet been published of the ruin of that beautiful town. House by house and street by street the town has melted away, until only a mere skeleton is left



THE EMPTY LEAVE. BY DELL LEIGH

He was alone, in the fourth row of the stalls, centre gangway, fingering the Alhambra programme a little self-consciously, as men are wont to do when women stare at them. It was six months since he had sat in a plush-covered seat behind an orchestra. His face was tanned, and his eyes tired. The wings on his jacket and the oil stains on his puttees and breeches denoted his trade in war. He was worn out, after six months' incessant flying in France with a big German push at the end of it.

There are no ribbons given to those who stick, with a grim tenacity, to their perilous daily job in the face of vast and shattering bereavement. And thus it had been with him. The sands of his vitality had already begun to run down when they sank the transport and all the nurses with it. Esmé, his wife, was second in command of these ennobled women, and the last they saw of her was below, amid escaping steam and the more serious cases that could not be moved quickly. She was bending over a man, they said. . . . An all-wise visiting padre at the aerodrome had taken the right and instantaneous course when the news came through. He had pointed to a machine. "Get away from yourself in that, my son; it's the best and only way—pay back a little, and quickly." He was an unorthodox, and much-beloved, padre. And he had done so. Throughout the push, through those anxious days, he was always in the thickest of the air strafing, squirting death from his two guns upon tangled grey masses of infantry, and coming through with great skill, and two "Mentions."

It had been possible to bear it then; and there. Because there was no time to think, little enough to eat and sleep: it was one continuous din of incessant and exultant slaughter. The clear eye, the steady hand, and the consuming rage in the heart kept him going. Then something broke, quite suddenly and completely. His squadron commander found him, at dawn, grey of face, winding on a puttee and crying quietly and chokingly. They immediately pronounced a month's leave, and he slept at the Savoy the next night.

The orchestra reappeared from subterranean depths and braced itself to further effort. He couldn't grip this revue at all. He couldn't laugh. All through the first half that incomparable comedian, and the great Vi, had been at their best. Ripples of laughter from the great white sea of faces. . . . the rhythmic pulse beats of sensuous music, and blended, sinuous movement . . . colour, and the lighting: the intoxicating sense of abandonment to momentary, untainted pleasure. . . . No. He could not shake himself free from the awful sense of emptiness. The stall on his left was diabolically empty. He set her there in his thoughts. How she would have loved George in the Opium Scene, and Violet Loraine's dress in the Eastern song. "Gorgeous bit of colour," would have been her words. It seemed particularly cruel that these two should have sung "The first love is the best love." He just couldn't stick that, and had gone out to the chattering barmaids at the back of the house.

(Continued on page 290)

PASSED BY CENSOR

RAISING THE WIND

THE SWEEPER (*reading that all fit mechanics may be required to fly in the R.A.F.*): "Lumme, won't that put the wind up the missus!"

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

AND when the show finished and the expensively clad crowd, laughing and holding unnecessarily tight to each other's arms, had jostled him out into Leicester Square, unseen devils must needs attack him again by hanging a great oyster-grey moon over Waterloo Place. Just such a night as She always revelled in, in London. The Piccadilly Hotel, standing gaunt and sharply defined, an umber mass of masonry against silver grey, with a touch of purple. The great grove of Regent Street showing clear and majestic. A little red light on a passing taxi: a woman in an orange opera cloak: the mauve atmosphere of the circus—and everything blended and intertwined into one harmonious whole. Why wasn't she there? Where was he to go? What was he to do? Sleep?—impossible! A passing figure, a whiff of pungent scent, and a sibilant whisper. He shivered and turned westwards towards his Club.

. . . . . .

THEY were very busy at Headquarters in London a week later. But they would see him—oh, yes; Colonel Exe would be free in a few minutes, the orderly had told him. He sat in the corridor with other hardly used and blasphemous pilots, and waited. Presently the orderly announced freedom for Colonel Exe, and he was ushered into the presence. He had been in Colonel Exe's Flight once.

"Hullo, old boy!" said the senior man, pushing across the cigarette box. "Why on earth you fellers don't keep out of London a bit more when you're home, and give yourselves a chance, beats me."

"The country's worse—I mean—er—I'm bored in the country. You see ——" he stopped. "It's an empty sort of leave, and I—er——"

"Yes, I know, I know," said the older man, sympathetically. "Are you fit?"

"Absolutely."

"I doubt it. But I got your letter. You want to go back? There's a squadron going overseas on Monday. Finch crashed yesterday and has broken his leg. Would you like to ——?"

"Yes please, sir—rather!"

"Righto. Report at —— at once. I'll send down a chit."

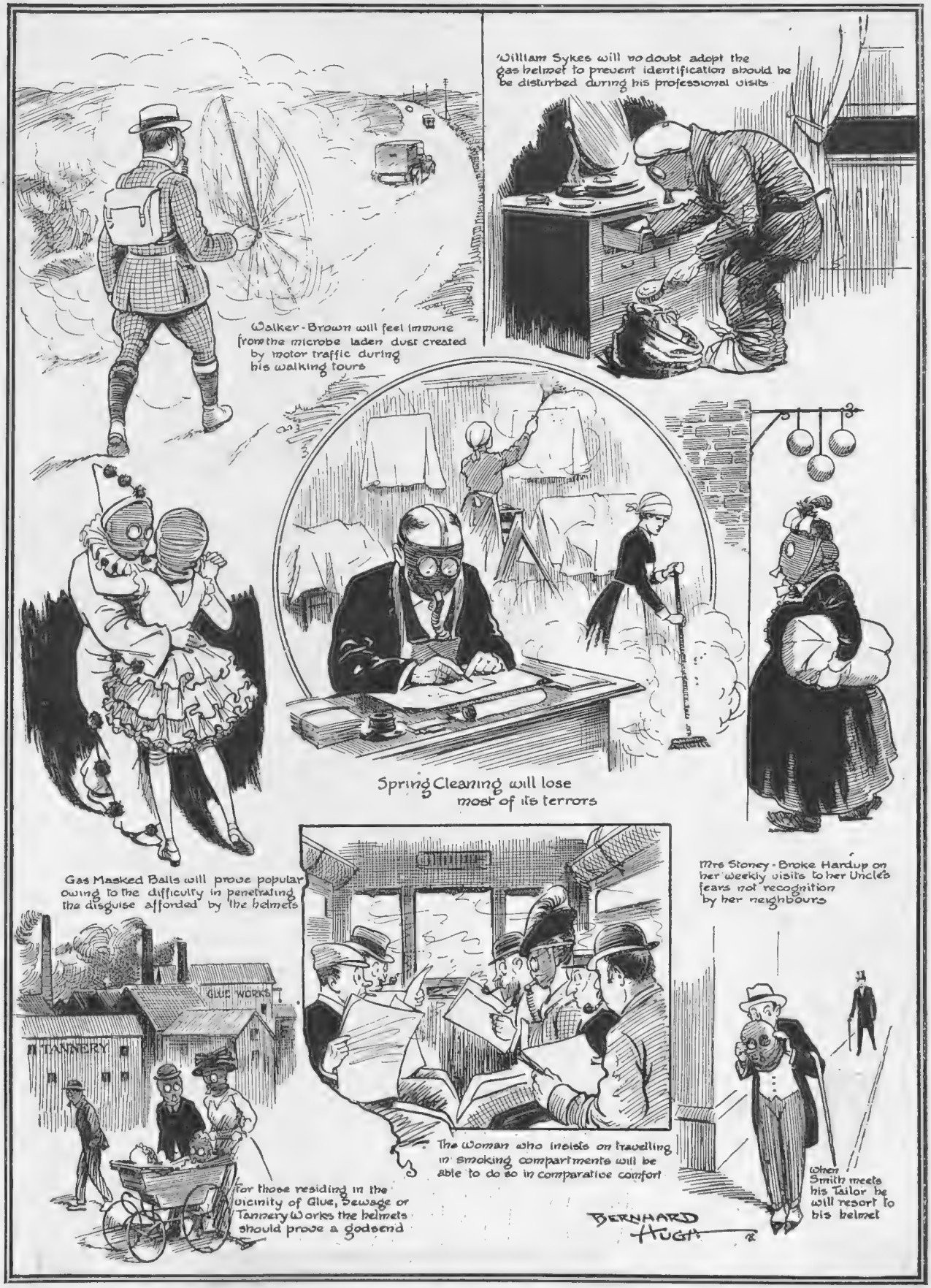
He walked into the Green Park. Birds were singing; the sun was shining; the grey clouds had gone.

Found Wanting

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Gott strafe! Doesn't even balance!"

A Post-War Prophecy



PASSED BY CENSOR

THE UTILITY OF THE GAS HELMET

The Bystander in PARIS

RESTRICTIONS AND STRANGE TAXES.

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

MORE the life becomes complicated. In the night the grosse Bertha continues a few times to waken us and make the nervous people jump. It is not she any longer who gives us worry. One habituates to her noise.

BUT it is always so that I have found. When one habituates oneself to a trouble, another goes at once to commence. After a time it cures itself, and one says: "It is, thank goodness, that that is finished over"; and then, *voilà*, another goes to begin. There is no completion.

"The maître d'hôtel himself arrived"

NOW it is the restrictions and the strange taxes which make our trial. In Paris there is more, I think, of everything to eat than in London, and one has not so many tickets. We have again the days without meat which we had last year, but it is only the very great dearness which restricts now what one eats of ordinary things. And in the restaurants it is only permitted to eat at the time the law allows.

ONE can eat so very well for oneself, but it made a disaster at the marriage *déjeuner* of Jacqueline. It is necessary to be married also at the hours of the law in France, and when the ceremonies were all finished it was already late. No one regarded the hour because we were all so happy with Jacqueline, but Edouard made a grumble that the waiters were so quick to take everything away, and to give him an indigestion because of the hurry.

"Poor Jacques! how he searched his pockets everywhere!"

WHEN they had not finished to serve the lamb the *maître d'hôtel* himself arrived with a great agitation. He struck with the hand on the heart. He gesticulated. Four times he made so deep a bow to the father of Jacqueline. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est* that arrives," said Edouard. "One would imagine the cook had disastrously eaten the asparagus of which I have a good anticipation."

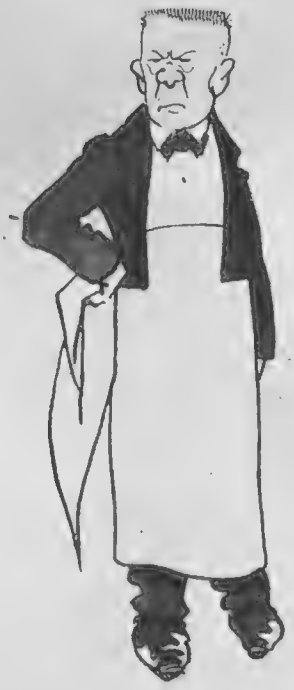
POOR Edouard! "Life has many disappointments, my little cousin," he said, when we were driving home. "I shall for always have a regret of the asparagus." It was sad for him. There were only the coffee and the liqueurs after the lamb because it was already more than two and a half o'clock, and it was a contravention of the law to serve the asparagus.

AND they appreciate so well there how to mix the vinegar and the oil in the just proportions,"

(Continued on page 291

Circumstances Alter Cases

If, in an outburst of patriotic vigour, you rose, and plugged this man, in your favourite restaurant, you would undoubtedly get the military very cross.



But if on the other hand, you chanced upon the same growth in no-mans-land, and you find him a bit slow with his "Kamerad", you can do what you like, with a reasonable chance of getting the Military Cross

Bruce Bairnsfather

PASSED BY CENSOR

Showing the value of locality in warfare

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

my poor cousin grumbled when he was still saying good-bye. But for me I have a very good souvenir of the *déjeuner*. When Jacqueline's mother invited us who were her friends she wrote: "One must regrettably bring one's bread ticket to the restaurant."

❋

For us who were the guests it was not difficult to remember, but the poor Jacques, the bridegroom, he had so much to agitate him of the greater importance than the bread ticket. How he searched his pockets everywhere, and it was not there. But it was so his marriage began that Jacqueline gave to him the half of her morsel of a hundred grammes.

❋

There are, too, the taxes of luxuries which a great deal complicate the life. They were already dear, all the things that one must have new in the summer; and now one must pay more, and it seems so much more, for the tax. One would excuse that the Committee of Messieurs the Députés have decided that trousers of more than seventy francs should be a luxury, and that it is extravagance to buy just now a motor car; but the stockings of silk—that is another matter!

Lucile says that it is only when one is in the bath that one escapes to be taxed. And the *bain chaud* is, when there is so little coal, a great luxury. Perhaps it is not taxed because it would be so difficult to put on the stamp.

"The *bain chaud* is a great luxury"

❋

Already it begins that the *monde* is not so *chic*. Everyone studies the *mode économique*, and the *costume tailleur* is more than ever the vogue. One must cultivate to be simple, but when the *tailleur* must be so short because of the restrictions it is a foolishness to make the *bas de soie* so dear.

In the shops they have a complaint that everyone is wearing still the costume of last year and that there is not any more work. It is the battle of the two characters of the French woman—to be *chic* and have admiration and to save the *sous*. Sometimes it is the one which wins and sometimes it is the other, and just now it is the economy which has the victory. Everyone is content to wear the clothes of last year and to mend so as to save for the peace.

❋

And it is not so difficult just now to do, because there is not any more *permission*, and one does not occupy oneself to be admired by the *embusqués* and the civils. But when the peace comes. . . . !

❋

It will not then be a time for economy; and the light—the light at night in the Boulevards, where it is now so dark and dim with the blue lamps, and so quiet when the sun has set! One trembles excited to image it that day when there will not be any more of restrictions.

A bientôt,

Your friend, Agnès

M. Marcel Poncin, whose drawings illustrating the Paris letter are so familiar to our readers, is organising parties of his friends of the stage and the studio in Paris to visit the Y.M.C.A. huts at the Front, for the entertainment of the soldiers. M. Poncin may be seen in the centre of the group with a portfolio under his arm

Der Kaiser Uber Alles!

PASSED BY CENSOR

"WELCOME HOME!"

Gallant George

By ETHEL K. CASSON

"Do you know Captain Segrave?" said Dorothy.

Her mother was giving a small dance to which I had come rather reluctantly. I wasn't sure whether I still could dance or not. I was not old, you know, but I had been V.A.D.-ing, and—well you don't need to be told more than that, do you? After all, speed isn't everything in a ballroom.

The introduction was made, and after a couple of turns I had to say I was tired. "I suppose I shall find out whose fault it was later on," I thought. "I'm very unlikely to have partners who can't dance all through the evening. But at present I must be charitable to him, in case."

"There are quite a lot of things I can do as a matter of fact," said my partner suddenly. "I daresay you have a poor opinion of me, but you should see me in the egg-and-spoon race. And my mother says I'm the best—well, never mind about that, perhaps she's prejudiced; but anyway I'm a famous playwright." He paused.

"Oh, do tell me the story of your early struggles," I said; "they must have been very early. And what is your pseudonym?"

"It's easy to see you've had no practice in talking to famous playwrights," said Captain Segrave, haughtily.

"And I'm twenty-two, if you want to know. I began writing very young. Five, I think it was. Yes, because I remember I had to thank Aunt Martha for a box of bricks. Even then my hand had the true author's illegibility."

I rose. "That's the music, I think."

"Well, perhaps you are right. I started too early in my story to get through in time. Shall we take it in serial form? The sixth and seventh dances will contain the tale of my struggles at school with refractory masters, blind, as ever, to true genius. The ninth and tenth my college days and the Return of the First Six Masterpieces. The eleventh and——"

"It sounds awfully exciting," I said, "but I do rather want to dance, you know. Couldn't you give me a synopsis of the early chapters and get it all into three dances, because I'm not staying to the end. Raids, you know."

"I suppose it could be done," he said, dejectedly, "but compression never was my strong point. I remember they said at school that my précis was worse than the disease."

"What disease?" I said, puzzled.

"Verbosity, of course."

"Oh!" I said. It was all I could think of.

"It seems very quiet," said my partner. "Can it be that — no, impossible! But yes, it is! I am being dramatic, you know, just to show you how we writers lead up to the climax."

"Do you mean——" I said, anxiously.

"Yes, yes. Keep calm. Keep quite calm. True, the next dance is over. At least, it was the next dance once, long ago. But it's no good screaming. All the servants are out, and the faithful hound lies poisoned in his kennel. But hark! I hear strains of music once more. The Campbells are coming! Hurrah!—but who asked them, I wonder. Very well, then, if you must. Number six, don't forget; I'll look for you under the aspidistra."

"You didn't know I was a popular and graceful dancer, did you?" I said, as I emerged from the aspidistra for No. 6. "I wasn't sure myself, just at first. But the second time you trod on my toe I began to think it wasn't all——"

"I didn't," said Captain Segrave, indignantly. "I only lifted up my foot ever such a little, and you put yours right under it; or was it both? Well, never mind; let's talk about something pleasant."

"Your artistic career," I murmured. "Do go on."

He went on. And on.

I was wondering how he had got his decoration, and

(Continued on page 300)

WAR PHOTOGRAPHS IN WHITECHAPEL

Princess Patricia opening the exhibition of official coloured war photographs at the People's Palace, where the East-Enders are crowding to see them as eagerly as the West-Enders did to the Grafton Galleries

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TWO'S COMPANY : THREE'S A BATTALION

"GALLANT GEORGE" (*concluded*)

where I had seen him before, when I heard him say:

". . . then old Cullumore said, 'You can go,' and I slunk out—but look here, I don't believe you're listening."

"Yes, I am," I said; "old Cullumore said—by the way; I've got an uncle of that name, and he's a—oh, are *you* the little boy whom he caught in the orchard?"

"If you'd been listening," said Captain Segrave, "you wouldn't have asked me that. Then are you the little red-headed niece who used to look so good during chapel on Sundays?"

"I am the little auburn-haired maiden whose rapt gaze was fixed on the hoary head of her uncle in the pulpit, yes," I replied.

"He was rather bald, wasn't he? I used to watch his head myself sometimes, when the sun caught it. But wouldn't you like to hear of my sudden rise to fame and prosperity?"

"Awfully," I said. "I hope it was very sudden; because No. 7 is nearly over."

"It was. But things often take longer to tell than they do to happen—art is long, you know—so I shall wait for No. 9 and make a really good thing of it."

"Well?" I said, as No. 9 started.

"Well, I apologise about red-headed. It is auburn, I see that now. I expect I was wrong about your uncle, too. I'm sure his head is hoary, really. Perhaps round at the back somewhere. . . I never looked properly. If I came and called on him—and talked about old times—do you think he'd let me go behind and look?"

"He might," I said. "It all depends on how I like your story really; because I'm staying with him, you know, and he'll do anything I ask him."

"No, are you really? And will he? How jolly! Then perhaps I could go in the orchard, too. It would be a novel sensation to be asked in instead of kicked out."

"But the story," I said. "No. 9 is half over, and I must go after the next."

"Well," he said, "it was when I was living in an attic. A real author's attic with a dormer window—at least, I think so; anyway, a window of some sort—and lots of sparrows and smuts, and cold poached eggs in bacon fat for breakfast. I had written a play. A jolly good play it was, but it looked better still when it came home from the typist's; six copies, with all the stage directions beautifully underlined in red ink. I gave her an extra sixpence for that."

"But why six copies?"

"Oh, don't you see? I wasn't going to sit gnawing my fingers and eating my heart out and all that sort of thing—there wouldn't have been anything left of me in a few weeks—while my play slept peacefully and collected dust at the first actor-manager's I sent it to. No, sir—or madam. So I had six copies typed, named each one after the actor-manager I sent it to, "Gallant George," for Alexander, and so on, and sent them all out simultaneously. Otherwise, at the rate of six months with each manager, I might have had to wait three years. So I knew I should know the worst in about six months, and sat patiently in my attic, counting the smuts and the sparrows; to every smut his sparrow."

"Suppose they all accepted your play?" I said.

There was an impressive pause.

"They did," said Captain Segrave, with deadly calm. "Didn't you notice how exactly alike all the plays were in London that winter of 1913? Well, now you know why. But I had an awful job to prevent the actor-managers from meeting. I had to take an office with six ante-rooms, each with a separate entrance, to interview them in, and I sat in a room in the middle with a roll-top desk and a huge cigar and a fur coat hanging from a peg. It was a bit draughty because of the six doors, but I had thick Turkey carpets and soft-footed menials, and anything else you can think of that a successful playwright does have. I had six pseudonyms, too. That was why you thought you'd never heard of me. Oh, it was all perfectly splendid until——"

"You woke up, I suppose?" I said.

"Oh, look here, you know, you aren't playing this game properly! You ought not to have said that. Let's go back a bit. I said: 'It was all perfectly splendid until——,' then you say, in a gasping sort of voice: 'Until what?' Then I say, after a pause, like just now, you know: 'Until I woke up.' Then you give a start and burst into tears—or laughter—I shall be equally pleased with either."

"Why, they're playing 'God Save the King'; I must go," I said. "Perhaps I'll burst into tears some other day for you. It is nice to know how playwrights become famous, though! Thanks, awfully."

"But what about your uncle?" said Captain Segrave. "May I come and call on His Hoariness and see the orchard? Oh, please say I can."

"There's an egg-and-spoon race on in the orchard next Wednesday as it happens," I said; "so I shall see you win it, I'm sure. There are no other entries. Good-bye."

I'm so glad I went to that dance, after all.

Spring Notices.

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¶ The goods will be on sale simultaneously at our Chief Depôt in Berlin and at our numerous branches and agents in England and France.

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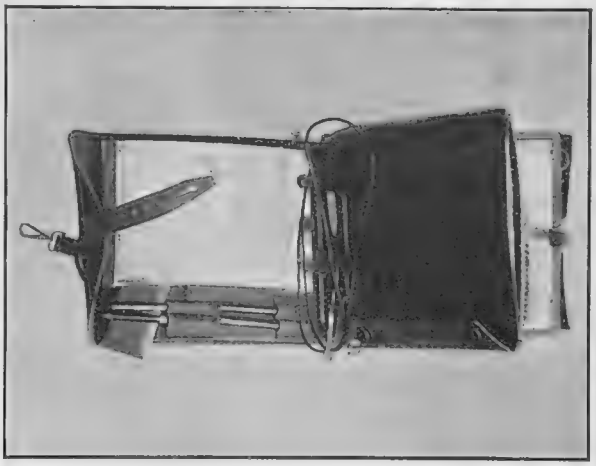

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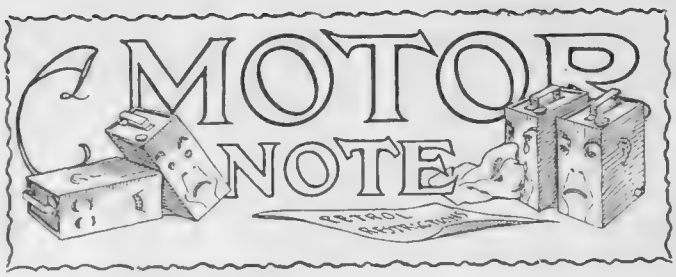

We begin to discover the increasing virtue of the mechanical road vehicle and the diminishing value of the railway. We reduced the one to its minimum without troubling to maintain the other at the limit of its efficiency. We did this while we allowed other interests of no considerable importance in the national scheme to flourish. The result to industry is most unfortunate to-day.

***

Industry to-day—the whole of it—either directly or indirectly, is making its contribution to the efficiency of the nation at war; and continually it is being baulked and scotched because of railway congestion, due to neglect of the essentials of railway maintenance and of the lack of those mechanical road vehicles which could have relieved railway congestion and substituted a more excellent mode.

***

"It could not be helped," is the explanation of those who failed to see. It is the usual explanation of those who live in their own little departmental shells, without a concern for the department next door. It means no more than lack of a scheme of co-ordination. We are reaching a stage where we may be compelled to prove that it could be helped. We shall do as we might have done, much more advantageously, years ago, had we visualised the essentials of the whole land transport case, instead of taking a bit of it and treating it as complete in itself.

***

It is surprising what we *can* help when we are forced by circumstances to see that we must. We could not help sending tool makers, and engineers, and shipbuilders into the army until circumstances made it plain we should have to help it. Then we brought them back!

***

It will be much the same with road transport for just the same reason; and then we shall elevate those piecemeal persons who could not see beyond the four walls of their own departments, nor sense the relative importance of other things not handled by them, but said it "could not be helped." We shall not elevate them ingloriously, as with the toe of a boot; but gratefully, as benefactors who, by making muddles, demonstrated again that England can always muddle through.

We are a great people, and, ultimately, we shall win the war; but meanwhile we continue to make muddles, and road transport is surely one of them. Industry cannot do what it might for that reason. Yet there is a margin of facilities equal to the production of the desperately-needed vehicle; and, since it is of the life-blood of the man and woman who must stand behind the man behind the gun, there should be no utterly insuperable difficulties about the supply of essential fuel.

***

In the matter of fuel, the Gas Traction Committee begs to report—exactly nothing you could not have read before it sat. It thinks gas can be used, and might be used even more, which isn't saying much, since we have seen it can be used when we can get it. Our trouble is getting it. And on that the Committee is dumb. I suppose its terms of reference prevent it from inquiring into the only thing of real interest. It usually happens that way with Parliamentary Committees.

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the country-side will retain all the charms of pre-war days, and to the

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owner those pleasures will be accessible with the greatest ease. Never has Sunbeam quality been so decided as it will be in the post-war models; never have the resources of the Sunbeam Company been more certain of upholding the Sunbeam standard. The production of

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

OPINIONS continue to differ widely, notwithstanding the royal request, as to the wisdom of stopping the small and early dances that have proceeded so happily and harmlessly throughout the winter. That not all, by any manner of means, have conformed to the desire from high quarters is, by this time, well known, and now that something of the great strain set up by the last Somme battle has slackened, relaxation is not only desirable, but imperative, as affecting both sexes. Carried on under refined, above-board auspices, what more innocent recreation could there be than two or three hours' dancing? Surely it compares more than favourably with gambling, or even sober bridge, at which stakes are won and lost until the small hours of the morning. All who have taken the trouble to go into the subject with a sincere desire to get at the root of the right and wrong of it are generally convinced that there is little of the latter.

Modern dancing is quite a brainy affair, and aspiring exponents have every need to keep their wits and intelligences nimble as well as their feet. The only regrettable feature is that there is something of a temptation to resort to the grotesque in the way of steps, really without any excuse, since there is amply sufficient variety without touching even the fringe of extravagance. Far and away the most attractive dance to watch, with its long, sweeping glides, is the Boston, and it is significant that only the experts essay this. The fox-trot and the two-step, despite their vagaries, are simple by comparison. And how we shall miss, when the war is over, those becoming blue dress uniforms, with red stripe trousers. These make a background against which the delicate ephemeral *crêpe de Chine* and tulle dance frocks show out to their best perfection. And long may it be ere we allow to slip away from these dresses the long, floating sleeve drapery and wing sleeves, as they are most appropriately called.

It is the general opinion that our English girls have never presented a more attractive appearance than they do at present, with their clear, healthy complexions and bright eyes, engendered by busy working lives, many hours whereof are spent, in a number of cases, in the open air. Sane minds in sound bodies, is a verdict that can be confidently written of the majority.

A SEFTON FABRIC FROCK
The last word in voiles

❀

The Inimitable Services of Sefton Cotton Voiles

IT is positively amazing that it should have been reserved for this war-ridden year to produce the supreme in voiles. The quality known as the Sefton I have especially in mind, and my table, as I write, is strewn with patterns the like of which we have never seen. In fineness of texture, colouring, and daring of patternings there can only be written one all-embracing word of praise. There are stripes and checks, floral devices, and strange but immensely attractive designs that are Futurist in feeling and colouring.

Among the stripe effects is one carried out in a broken Chinese device in Chinese blue on a white ground, the stripe quite one and a half inches wide, while another, that recalls those charming Roman silks, is composed of two-inch stripes, alternately pale mauve and Madonna blue, united by narrow lines of black and yellow. For one of the fashionable waistcoat blouses this bold thing would be ideal, as also a very large pale pink and black check. For the pretty little draped frocks the summer is to usher in, models that are verging towards the Watteau, there come the sweetest chintz

(*Continued on page 306*)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

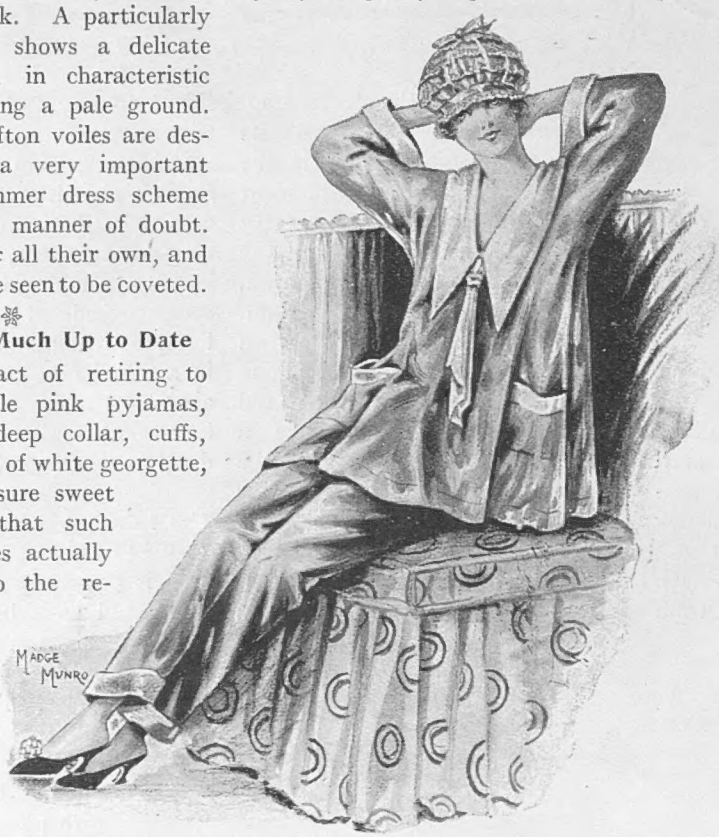
patterns in old-world colourings, such as dull blues, and a red that is almost brown, finely rimmed round with black. A particularly adorable effort shows a delicate Persian design, in characteristic *nuances* powdering a pale ground.

That these Sefton voiles are destined to play a very important rôle in the summer dress scheme there can be no manner of doubt. They have a *chic* all their own, and have merely to be seen to be coveted.

❀

Pyjamas Very Much Up to Date

THE mere fact of retiring to rest in pale pink pyjamas, trimmed with deep collar, cuffs, and trouser hems of white georgette, would surely ensure sweet dreams. And that such adorable fantasies actually exist a visit to the redoubtable house of Harrod will immediately testify. Reposing in company with many others of a like luxurious character, these dainty rose colour slumber suits can likewise be had in *crêpe de Chine*. Or again, for those who prefer them, there are, equally elegantly expressed, those comfortable one-piece suits, a charming example being offered in pale blue *crêpe de Chine*, the deep *ceinture* embellished with a little hand embroidery in front, while the neck and wide sleeves are finished with *plissé* frills of pale mauve georgette.



A PYJAMA SUIT
At Harrods'

The jumper sleeping suit is a further variety, arranged with a deep sailor collar, flanked either side the front by a little honeycomb smocking. Then the very name is legion of the more utilitarian models built of Spunella and Lieta silk and the like. For Harrods have touched this outfitting issue with their customary skill and finesse, leaving nothing untold or unrecognised. In the same section also are to be seen a very wealth of choice in exquisite French *au dessous* as now decreed. The Princesse petticoat is a ubiquitous feature, variously fashioned of *crêpe de Chine*, soft satin, net and lace tastefully commingled. A notably

(Continued on page 308)

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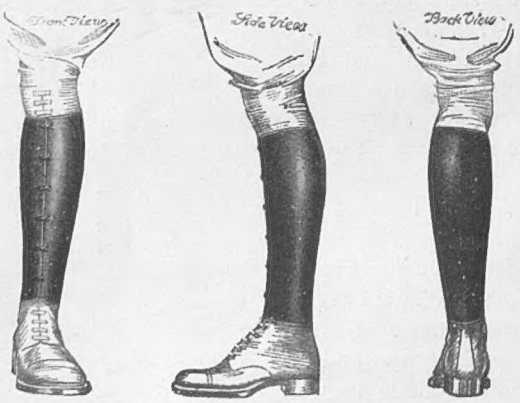

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

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Which has a war-worn appearance, having experienced very rough conditions of service, but done admirable work

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Mr. W. S. Godfrey's little book of sonnets, under the above title (Grant Richards: 2*s.* 6*d.* net), has nothing of ambition about it, but at any rate all his sonnets *are* sonnets, and not merely 14-lined bits of verse. They deal both with peace and war; the former are the more successful—perhaps more time was given to their composition. Some of the "domestic" sonnets are quite good; the war sonnets would be improved by a more rigorous economy in the use of rather obvious adjectives.

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